

Agony Scene, The "The Damned"

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songs made of whispers
silent screams like a choral of the dead
needles prick the softest skin
and the breeze screams bloodlust

these eyes
gazing over the hilltops burning red
the night skies seem to follow me
blanketing me with crowds of grey and black
the crowd of the damned screams

eyes shown red
raise the dead x2

the breeze
screaming over the whispers in the dark
setting the leaves in sway
hanging there like a body from the raftors
smiling back at me

eyes shown red
raise the dead x2

they wait
in eager circles for me
to stagger into the darkness
these images that i have seen
they still burn inside of me
they still burn inside of me
they still burn, in me

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